

TARZAN OF THE APES

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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(Continued)

He did not understand anything of the motives behind all that he had seen, but somehow intuitively he liked the young man and the two old men, and for the girl he had a strange longing which he scarcely understood. As for the big black woman, she was evidently connected in some way with the girl, and so he liked her also.

For the sailors, however, and especially Salpes, he had developed a great hatred. He knew by their threatening gestures and by the expressions upon their evil faces that they were enemies of the others, and so he decided to watch them very closely.

Tarzan wondered why the men had gone into the jungle. Never did it occur to him that one could become lost in that mass of undergrowth which to him was as simple as the main street of your own home town.

When he saw the sailors row away toward the ship, and knew that the girl and her companion were safe in his cabin, he decided to follow the young man into the jungle and learn what his errand might be. He swung out rapidly in the direction taken by Clayton and in a short time heard faintly in the distance the now only occasional calls of the Englishman to his friends.

Presently Tarzan came up with the white man, who, almost fagged, was leaning against a tree wiping the perspiration from his forehead. The ape man, hiding safe behind a screen of foliage, sat watching this new specimen of his own race intently.

At intervals Clayton called aloud, and finally it came to Tarzan that he was searching for the old men.

Tarzan was on the point of going off to look for them himself when he caught the yellow glint of a sleek hide moving cautiously through the jungle toward Clayton.

It was Sheeta, the leopard. He heard the soft bending of grasses and wondered why the young white man was not warned. Could it be he had failed to note the loud warning? Never before had Tarzan known Sheeta to be so clumsy.

So the white man did not hear. Sheeta was crouching for the spring, and, then, shrill and horrible, there rose upon the stillness of the jungle the awful cry of the challenging ape, and Sheeta turned, crashing into the underbrush.

Clayton came to his feet with a start. His blood ran cold. Never had so fearful a sound smote upon his ears. He was no coward, but if ever man felt the icy fingers of fear upon his heart Cecil Clayton, eldest son of Lord Greystone of England, did that day in the fastness of the African jungle.

The noise of some great body crashing through the underbrush so close beside him and the sound of that blood-curdling shriek from above tested Clayton's courage to the limit, but he could not know that it was to that very voice he owed his life nor that the creature who hurled it forth was his own cousin—the real Lord Greystone.

The afternoon was drawing to a close, and Clayton, disheartened and discouraged, was in a terrible quandary as to the proper course to pursue, whether to keep on in search of Professor Porter, at the almost certain risk of his own death in the jungle by night, or to return to the cabin, where he might at least serve to protect Jane Porter from the perils which confronted her on all sides.

He disliked to return to camp without her father; still more he shrank from the thought of leaving her alone and unprotected in the hands of the mutineers of the Arrow or the hundred unknown dangers of the jungle.

Possibly, too, he thought, before this the professor and Philander had returned to camp. He started, stumbling back through the thick and matted underbrush in the direction that he thought the cabin lay.

To Tarzan's surprise, the young man was heading farther into the jungle in the general direction of Mbonga's village, and the shrewd young ape man was convinced that he was lost.

The fierce jungle would make easy prey of this unprotected stranger in a very short time if he were not guided quickly to the beach, thought Tarzan.

Yes, there was Numa, the lion, even now stalking the white man a dozen paces to the right.

Clayton heard the great body paralleling his course, and now there rose upon the evening air the great beast's thunderous roar. The man stopped with upraised spear and faced the brush from which issued the awful sound. The shadows were deepening; darkness was coming on.

For a moment all was still. Clayton stood rigid with raised spear. Presently a faint rustling of the bush behind him apprised him of the stealthy creeping of the thing. It was gathering for a spring when at last he saw it, not twenty feet away—the long, lithe, muscular body and tawny head of a huge black maned lion.

In agony the man watched, fearful to launch his spear, powerless to fly. He heard a noise in the tree above him. Some new danger, he thought, but he dared not take his eyes from the yellow-green orbs before him. There was a sharp twang, like the sound of a broken banjo string, and at the same instant an arrow appeared in the yellow hide of the crouching lion.

With a roar of pain and anger the beast sprang, but Clayton stumbled to one side, and as he turned again to face the infuriated king of beasts he was appalled at the sight which confronted him. Almost simultaneously

with the lion's turning to renew the attack a naked giant had dropped from the tree above squarely on the brute's back.

With lightning speed an arm that was corded with layers of iron muscle encircled the huge neck, and the great beast was raised from behind, roaring and pawing the air—raised as easily as Clayton would have lifted a pet dog. That scene he witnessed in the twilight depths of an African jungle was burned forever into the Englishman's brain.

The man before him was the embodiment of physical perfection and plant strength, yet it was not on this he had depended in his battle with the great cat, for, mighty as were his muscles, they were as nothing by comparison with those possessed by Numa. To his agility, to his brain and to his long, keen knife he owed his supremacy.

His right arm encircled the lion's neck, while the left hand plunged the knife time and time again into the unprotected side behind the left shoulder, while the infuriated beast, drawn upward and backward until he stood on his hind legs, struggled impotently in this unnatural position.

Had the battle continued a few seconds longer the outcome might have been different, but all was accomplished so quickly that the lion had scarce time to recover from its surprise before it sank lifeless to the ground.

Then the strange figure which had vanquished it stood erect upon the carcass and, throwing back the wild, handsome head, gave the fearsome cry which a few moments earlier had so startled Clayton.

Before him he saw the figure of a young man naked except for a loin cloth and a few barbaric ornaments on arms and legs and the gleaming precious diamond locket gleaming against a smooth brown skin.

The hunting knife had been returned to its homely sheath, and the man was gathering up his bow and quiver from where he had tossed them when he leaped to attack the lion.

Clayton spoke to the man in English, thanking him for his rescue and complimenting him on his wondrous strength and dexterity.

The only answer was a steady stare and a faint shrug of the mighty shoulders, which may have betokened either disparagement of the service rendered or ignorance of the language.

The bow and quiver slung on his back, the wild man once more drew his knife and deftly carved a dozen large strips of meat from the lion's carcass. Then, squatting upon his haunches, he proceeded to eat, motioning Clayton to join him.

The strong white flesh sank into the raw and dripping flesh in apparent relish, but Clayton could not bring himself to share the impromptu meal with his strange host. Eagerly he watched him, and presently there dawned upon him the conviction that this was Tarzan of the apes, whose notice he had seen posted upon the cabin door that morning.

If so he must speak English. Again Clayton essayed speech with the ape man, but the replies were in his native tongue, which resembled the chattering of monkeys mingled with the growling of some wild beast.

CHAPTER X. The Forest God.

WHEN Tarzan had finished his repast he rose and, pointing in a very different direction from that which Clayton had been pursuing, started through the jungle toward the point he had indicated.

Clayton, bewildered and confused, hesitated to follow him, for he thought he was being led more deeply into the mazes of the forest, but the ape man returned and, grasping him by the coat, dragged him along until he was convinced that Clayton understood what was required of him, and then left him to follow voluntarily.

The Englishman finally concluded that he was a prisoner and saw no alternative but to accompany his captor, and thus they traveled slowly through the jungle while the sable mantle of the impenetrable night of the forest fell about them.

Suddenly Clayton heard the faint report of a firearm—a single shot and then silence.

In the cabin by the beach two thoroughly terrified women clung to each other as they crouched upon the low bench in the gathering darkness.

The mutineers, sobbing hysterically, bemoaned the evil day that had witnessed her departure from her dear Maryland, while the white girl, dry eyed and outwardly calm, was tortured by inward forebodings. She feared not more for herself than for the three men whom she knew to be wandering in the abyssal depths of the jungle, from which now issued the incessant shrieks and roars, barkings and growlings of its terrifying and fearsome inmates.

Now came the sound of a heavy body brushing against the side of the cabin. She could hear the great padded paws upon the ground without. Then for an instant all was silence.

"Hush!" the girl whispered. "Hush, Esmeralda!" for the woman's sobs and groans seemed to have attracted the thing that stalked there just beyond the thin wall.

A gentle scratching sound was heard on the door. The brute tried to force an entrance, but presently this ceased, and again the hand of the great padded paws creep stealthily around the cabin. Again they stopped—beneath the window, on which the terrified eyes of the girl now glared themselves.

"Heavens!" she murmured, for, silhouetted against the moonlit sky beyond, she saw framed in the tiny square of the latticed window the head of a huge tiger. The gleaming eyes were fixed upon her in tense ferocity.

"Look, Esmeralda!" she whispered. "What shall we do? Look! Quick! The window!"

Esmeralda covered still closer to her mistress and glanced affrighted toward the little square of moonlight just as the tiger emitted a low, savage snarl.

The sight that met the poor black's eyes was too much for the already overstrung nerves.

"Oh, Gabriel!" she shrieked and slid to the floor, an inert and senseless mass.

For what seemed an eternity the

great brute stood with its fore paws upon the sill, glaring into the little room. Presently it tried the strength of the lattice with its great talons.

The girl had almost ceased to breathe when to her relief the head disappeared and she heard the brute's footsteps leaving the window. But now they came to the door again, and once more the scorching came, and, but this time with increasing force until the great beast was tearing at the massive panels in a perfect frenzy of fury.

Could Jane Porter have known the immense strength of that door, built piece by piece, she would have felt less fear of the tiger reaching her by this avenue.

For fully twenty minutes the brute alternately sniffed and tore at the door, occasionally giving voice to a cry of baffled rage. At length, however, he gave up the attempt, and Jane Porter, there in returning toward the window, beneath which he paused for an instant and then launched his great weight against the time worn lattice.

The girl heard the wooden rods groan beneath the impact, but they held, and the huge body dropped back to the ground below.

Again and again the tiger repeated these tactics until finally the horrified prisoner within saw a portion of the lattice give way, and in an instant one great paw and the head of the animal were thrust within the room.

Slowly the powerful neck and shoulders were spreading the bars apart, and the little body came farther and farther into the room.

As in a trance the girl rose, her hand upon her breast, wide eyes staring horror stricken into the snarling face of the beast scarce ten feet from her. At her feet lay the prostrate form of the negress.

The girl, standing pale and rigid against the farther wall, sought with increasing terror for some loophole of escape. Suddenly her hand, tight pressed against her bosom, felt the hard outlines of the revolver that Clayton had left with her earlier in the day.

Quickly she snatched it from its hiding place and, leveling it full at the tiger's face, pulled the trigger.

There was a flash of light, the roar of the discharge, and an answering roar of pain and anger from the beast. Jane Porter saw the great form disappear from the window, and then she, too, fainted.

But the tiger was not killed. The bullet had but inflicted a painful wound in one of the great muscles of its chest, and the great animal, after other instant he was back at the lattice and with renewed fury was clawing at the aperture, but with lessened effect, since the wounded member was almost useless.

He saw his prey—two women—lying senseless upon the floor. There was no longer any resistance to be overcome. Sabot had only to worm his way through the lattice to claim it.

Slowly he forced his great bulk, inch by inch, through the opening. Now his head was through, now one great fore leg and shoulder.

Carefully he drew up the wounded member to insinuate it gently beyond the tight pressing bars.

A moment more and both shoulders, through the long, sinuous body and the narrow hips would glide quickly after.

It was on this sight that Jane Porter again opened her eyes.

When Clayton heard the report of the firearm he fell into an agony of fear and apprehension. What were the chances of his strange captor, or guide Clayton could only vaguely conjecture, but that he had heard the shot and was in some manner affected by it was quite evident, for he quickened his pace so appreciably that Clayton, stumbling blindly in his wake, went down.

For a moment Tarzan looked at the young man closely, as though undecided as to just what was best to do, then, stooping before Clayton, he motioned him to grasp him about the neck, and with the white man upon his back Tarzan took to the trees.

The next few minutes were such as the young Englishman never forgot. High into the air he was swung, while Tarzan, in a way that seemed to him incredible, swung with him, chafed at the slowness of his progress.

From the first sensation of chilling fear Clayton passed to one of admiration and envy of those giant muscles and that wondrous instinct or knowledge which guided this forest god through the inky blackness of the night.

Presently they came to the clearing before the beach. Tarzan's quick ears had heard the strange sounds of Sabot's efforts to force his way through the lattice, and it seemed to Clayton that they dropped a straight hundred feet to earth so quickly did Tarzan descend. Yet when they struck the ground it was with a soft landing, and as Clayton released his hold on the ape man he saw him dart like a squirrel for the opposite side of the cabin.

The Englishman sprang quickly after him just in time to see the hind quarters of some huge animal about to disappear within the cabin.

(To Be Continued.)

STAGE PROPERTY.
Domine—"Did you get all the pretty things that were on the Christmas tree?"

Fred—"Not much I didn't! They gave me only the ones they couldn't put away for next Christmas."—Judge.

New Year's signals of warships all over the world were sent out from Arlington, Va., navy wireless station.

Herman Heesenbruch, Belgian consul at Philadelphia, and president of the German hospital, is dead, aged 67 years.

The estate of James A. Moffett, former president of the Standard Oil Co., of New Jersey, is valued at \$34,130.

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT
sufferers have been cured for twenty years past by Hill's Rheumatic Remedy. It gives relief in twenty-four hours. One bottle will cure most cases. It is a guaranteed remedy. At all drug stores or direct on receipt of price. One dollar per bottle. Hill Medicine Co., 117 East 24th Street, New York.—Adv.

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

(By Lee Page.)

Granma started to ask me what I was doing for my writing. I'm going down town to-day to do my shopping, so you better tell me what you want. I always like to give people what they want, providing they want something useful.

I want a little kannon that shoots awt reel gunpowder, I sed.

Mersey, sed granma, thares nothing usefull about that, surely.

Yes, mam, there is, I sed.

Wat, for instants, sed granma.

I can shoot it awt erly evry morning to let peepil no its time to get up, I sed.

If you cood shoot it awt erly enuff to let yerself no its time to get up I mite call it awt usefull, sed granma, cant you think of anything except a kannon.

I want a pistol, I woodent shoot anything but blank cartridges in it, I sed.

That sound evin moar usefull than the kannon, sed granma.

Yes mam, I sed, I cood skare away cats and things with it.

No dovt, sed granma, are those 2 things awt you can think of.

Well, I sed, but id rather have aethir the pistol or the pistol.

Il think it ovir sed granma.

Il rather have aethir the kannon or the pistol, I sed.

Il had yos, sed granma. And in the afternoon she went down town and cam hoam again with a hole lot of pockidges and last nite I went in to granma's room and thare was a lot of pockidges on the bed.

And I looked to see if thare was anything with my naim awt it, wich thare was, beeing a perill and yello book kalled Our Fethired Friends and Why We Shood Be Kind to Them, the card saying, To Benny from his loving granma.

ATTRACTIONS AT THE THEATRES

LYRIC

"THE THIRD DEGREE."

"The Third Degree," the most successful dramatic play in years, has been playing to capacity for two days at the Lyric theater and will be shown for the last time in Bridgeport to-day.

No play from the "Speaking Stage" has ever been produced in motion pictures and held all the power and intense interest that this great dramatic masterpiece has. The play was produced under the personal direction of the author and with an all star cast. The play in parts is more realistic than the original production.

"The Third Degree" will be presented today for the last time at the Lyric at a continuous performance lasting until 10:30 p. m.

POLLS.

Zelaya, the world's greatest pianist, and the other big attractions at Polls' big theater in New York, continue to draw capacity houses every performance and today will be the last chance to witness the delightful program. Elaborate preparations are being made for the present week and a week which is to be observed all next week, with special attractions that will furnish galaxy galore and special features of rare beauty.

"The Love Slave," founded on the old time favorite revelations in Monticello, N. Y., will be the chief attraction of a big bill. Unusually large audiences have marked every performance during the latter part of the present week, and the pleasing holiday bill which appears for the last time today has proven a great drawing card.

Hayden, Burroughs, the old time favorites, Lawrence and Hurl Falls, the talented comedy acrobats; Savoy and Brennan, in whirlwind comedy singing and talking; Francis Littaur, "coon song" singer and comedian; the versatile vaudeville and variety selection of all first run moving picture films, make up the excellent program. Don't forget the big attraction all next week in honor of the 25th year of S. Z. Polls' successful theatrical career.

THE PLAZA

A good vaudeville show has often been called the greatest medium through which happiness may be found, for it relieves the mind of those petty worries and cares that infuse the life, and a patron of a vaudeville theater, who takes the management's advice, will find the management strives to make fun the keynote of the bills, is taking a sure-fire tonic that benefits him more than all the rest of the world's pleasures.

In that it cases the strain of the day, and a startlingly large portion of human ills. Heading the list at the Plaza come the Three Kidlets, under seven years of age, but they sing, dance and put over comedy lines that would make many of the famous stars look to their laurels.

Williams and Miller have one of the funniest singing and talking acts that ever graced the boards of a local playhouse. They portray the characters of mountain climbers and keep the laughs red hot.

Page and Newton offer a delightful singing and dancing specialty that sparkles with originality.

Johnson, the world's greatest aerial artist, who has no little feeling of awe amongst the auditors with some of his stunts.

The Jules Levy Family is one of the highly pleasing musical acts that have been a hit with local theatrogoers.

"In the Firelight," a stirring drama in two parts, "Love Sickness at Sea," a key-stone, and "The Fresh Fisherman," are included in the bill.

Prof. Vincenzo Priccianni, the noted blind pianist, who has won unlimited praise from music critics all over the world, will appear at the Plaza theater, Sunday night, as a feature of the concert program offered by the Wheeler & Wilson band.

Much of the time has been spent in travel and he has appeared in concerts in all the large cities of Europe. His success has been phenomenal wherever he has appeared.

Rondo Capriccio will be his offering on the program and it will serve as an excellent test of his wonderful talent.

AMUSEMENTS

LYRIC

LAST DAY

CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE, 1 TO 10:30

Matinee.....5c and 10c Evenings.....10c



"THE THIRD DEGREE"

The Most Successful Dramatic Offering in Years
BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE LION AND THE MOUSE"

PARK THEATRE

When "Damaged Goods" had its Chicago premiere, Dr. W. A. Evans, medical expert of the Chicago Tribune, said: "The entire town, or as many of them as can get into the theatre, will be wise if they will see the play and soak up as much information and as many sound principles as they are capable of carrying away."

"Damaged Goods" comes to the Park for one performance, Monday, Jan. 5.

KEENEY'S EMPIRE THEATRE
FRANK A. KEENEY, Prop.
TODAY

"The Battle of Waterloo"

PLAZA

Thursday, Friday, Saturday
THE THREE KIDLETS
America's Greatest Child Actors
WILLIAMS & MILLER

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GREAT JOHNSON
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And 6,000 Ft. of Feature Photographs
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GRAND CONCERT

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Prices.....15c and 25c
Tickets now on sale at Plaza Box Office

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ENTIRE NEW BILL TODAY

C. ALFONSO Zelaya

A Genius at the Piano, Favorite Son of
EX-PRESIDENT ZELAYA of Nicaragua
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2-REEL SPECIAL—2
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the head and two end pins which are big ones. The small balls are used to roll with and it makes quite an interesting game.

Last night the No Names took two out of three games from the Nonpareils. The second game was a tie, which the Nonpareils won on the roll off. Following are the box scores:

NO NAMES.

Conrad.....88 85 86-289
Stark.....84 90 103-277
Hawley.....76 83 86-244
Holtz.....86 89 92-277
Bennetto.....112 81 100-293

NONPAREILS.

Wells.....86 91 78-236
Beardsley.....83 84 87-265
Holtz.....86 89 92-277
Clark.....76 82 89-244
Albrecht.....74 86 73-233

415 428 431 1274

When a man yells "fire" in a crowded hall, he might as well also look the doors carefully.

—THE— BRIDGEPORT ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE

Have arranged with Mrs. M. E. M. Prindle, 167 Thompson Street, as caretaker for stray cats. Homes will be provided for them as far as possible. Dr. C. E. C. Alden, phone 4820, the veterinary, of 200 John Street, was appointed to destroy such animals that are undesirable. The co-operation of the public in this work would be greatly appreciated by the society.
T38 4*

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Pupils Entering Now Charged for Second Half-Year Only

Girls of all ages received into the Primary, Intermediate, College Preparatory and General Departments. Boys under eleven admitted to the lower grades.

Certificate admits to leading colleges for women without examination.
T38 4*

BRIDGEPORT HYDRAULIC COMPANY.

820 MAIN STREET

Water rates for the quarter ending January 1st, 1914, are NOW DUE and payable at the office of the Company, 820 Main Street. All bills must be paid on or before January 1st, 1914.

JANUARY 1ST, 1914.
Business hours Saturdays from 8 a. m. to 12 m.

For the accommodation of the public the office will be kept open from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Monday, Jan. 5th and 12th, 1914.

ALBERT E. LAVERY